PS
3535
H6S8
1920

PS 3535
.H6 S8
1920
Copy 1

SUNNY SONNETS

RHOADES

JUL 31 1920

Some of My Experiences

In the providence of God, I have been permitted to see some of this country, and the exploits thereof. I have climbed to the utmosk peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and measured the Arkansas River where it is only an inch wide. Its waters are like an infant at that point, clear as crystal. But as they roll onward and gather mud and sand and trash of all descriptions, they become like the aged sinner—muddy and dirty—you cannot see an inch below the surface. In Western Oklahoma, this river is full of quicksand and will swallow you up, if you venture into it.

So it is with human nature.

A man is born as pure as heaven, but without careful training, he drifts down the stream of life and becomes a dangerous being to humanity. Without God in his life, he is a failure, like the waves of an angry sea, tossed by the winds, driven to and fro. Nobody cares, the world is cold and his life is not worth living away from God. I found such a creature in the Alcatras prison. During my peregrinations I chanced to be aboard an ocean steamer in the Pacific waters, passing the beautiful Golden Gate at San Francisco. I noticed this prison, which stands out upon an island. It was at the time of evening when the western sunset turned the hills into gold, and all nature had closed her eyes to sleep, except those on board, who were awaiting their arrival into the harbor at San Francisco. I sat out upon the top deck and watched the last lingering ray of the setting sun. I watched the great ocean waves rise and fall, and listened to the low sweet moaning of the deep sea, the singing of the waters seemed to call me to a haven of rest.

As the darkness covered the face of the deep, night came and spread its black wings over me. Then I noticed a great searchlight—it swung around the Berkley way, then to Alameda, Oakland, Vallejo, and Yorba-buena. I became greatly electrified with the wonderful works of God before me. This searchlight was wonderful; it was a beacon light to the sailors to keep the ships from running upon the rocks. The captain informed me that this light was being attended by a convict, who hoped by his faithfulness to some day secure his freedom. As I sat there thinking of the convict, and the thought of his tired arms, and perhaps his black heart, and the crime for which he was justly sentenced, I never realized that some day I might see him. And God would call me to carry the message of love to his soul. But the day came, and I was in the midst of soul-saving, telling the story of the meek and lowly Nazarene.

It was on a subsequent evening, I asked my friend to pray for me, for the following morning would find me in the big prison. The morning dawned all sparkling and glorious. In the distance I could see the top of old Mount Shasta, snow white caped and glistening in the sun like a million jewels, fresh from the throne of God. I arrived and disembarked, to enter the prison chapel. I asked the guard, if possible, I would like to see the convict whose arm attends the searchlight. Being permitted to see him, I stood for some time to look upon his face. Then I told him to be faithful, that some day he would outshine the sun. For I knew that if he would be faithful, in the least thing, trusting God for deliverance, he would come free.

Then the prisoner said to me: "Sister, I will be faithful, and remember when I swing this beacon light, God will swing you out to be a beacon light to lost humanity." And he turned away, saying: "Be faithful." Oh the words cut me to the heart, I began to feel more keenly my responsibility for lost and dying souls. God has called me to do a work that no one else can do but me, a simple uneducated child of love and tears.

©CLA570936

Many times I sailed upon the great iron ship, realizing that it took my Saviour to walk on the waves and speak peace to the troubled soul. I know there's a crown in heaven laid up for the fatihful. I have endured many privations, been heart sick and in peril, betrayed by false brethren but the Word says, all who live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. And, Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice in that day, and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in Heaven.

Now it seems a trying thing to rejoice through tribulation, but why should I fear what the folks say? If I am in a fault, why not pray for me? I have been picked by the professing christians, like a speckled bird. And I have tried to please the folks. But I found that God commands us to walk circumspect before Him. And He said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." And the proverb says: "A virtuous woman's works shall praise her in the gates, and worldly praise is nothing in the sight of God." There are too many people around putting the christians wise, and warning them against workers, and hindering the work of God, when they ought to be upon their knees repenting. I have learned to believe nothing that I hear, and close my eyes and stick my fingers in my ears, and run through the streets crying life, life, eternal life.

You go into a place of worship and what do you hear? They will not preach you a holiness sermon any more, but the most of them will spend the time setting the folks in order, and neglect to praise God and pray for folks. I have grown sick and disgusted with backbiters and hypocrites who meet me with a silly grin and tell me I am welcome, and then get up and tell who is fanatic, and who else is on a side line. While I am in the world, I expect to find a few folks who don't know quite as much as I know, and a few more folks who know a heap more than I know, and as far as lies the grace of God within my reach, I shall strive to be a blessing to all.

When anyone comes to me with anything pertaining to the other fellow's well being, I say, get on your knees and stay there until you get grace enough to be a help to Him, then go to Him, and have a prayer together, pray till your prayer splits the skies, and then you can chase the devil off your territory, and shout long and loud. Think of a man or woman around trying to set the church in order, when that is the work of God, and He said, let the wheat and tares grow together, and He will separate them at the last day.

Well, Glory. If you want to get saved, and come with me to glory. Amen. And if not, hang around anyhow. I love you, and Jesus died for you.

A train whistled around the corner, a little dog barked. So it is. When anyone growls at us big preachers, we go on just the same, never wavering or doubting.

No, I am not a weak worm of the dust. I'm a big preacher, preaching a big God.

We used to sing the old song, "I am coming to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind," but now we sing, "I'm a giant in this land, being moved by God's right hand."

Say child, if you do feel weak, remember Jesus Christ said He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.

You who are feasting on my mistakes, have a poor diet. If you misunderstand me, please pray for me.

No, honey, I don't believe in ball, devils, carn, evils and parlor gambling.

It has been said that it takes a crank to turn the world. Some folks are a bit cranky.

NOTE BY THE AUTHORESS

I can never expect to become as famous as the one who wrote among the first poets, who while seated one day, with pencil and pad, was being taunted and jeered at by a simple youth of the town. He said, every poet is a fool. The poet kept on writing, as though he heard him not, being lost to the things about him, carried on by inspiration. The tenor of his next verse ran thus:

I frankly own your general rule
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself will serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.

So I wish to say, if these lines are unduly criticised, I freely forgive, and send this little volume out into the world to gladden hearts, and as you read it, may Heaven bless you.

Yours for clean homes and pure hearts,

MRS. LEAH RHOADES, Authoress

He that goeth forth and weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
By
MRS. LEAH RHOADES

MRS. LEAH RHOADES

PREFACE TO SUNNY SONNETS

I have not posed as an authoress, nor do I pass for a writer of poetry. But I feel that there's a special work in this world for each one to do that no one else can do, but he, or she, whom God has called.

When I was a bare-footed girl, I longed for a knowledge of the divine. I used to wonder if God loved me. When I was fourteen years of age I attended a revival meeting in a little country church in Southern Iowa. I there learned that God loved me and Jesus died for me. It was a day long to be remembered, for I knelt at the alter and asked God to save me, and I asked Him to make me a worker for Him. Little did I realize what it would cost. Oh, I had never dreamed of the sufferings of a soulwinner. God led me in many ways and byways, before He got to a place where He could use me. He first took me away from my kin and led me out to be tempted of the devil, just as He was tempted in the mountain. He next let me see the great life in the city. Oh, such an experience! I was a grown woman before I ever heard of a saloon or seen a drunken man or woman. But Jesus said: "The good shepherd calleth his sheep, and leadeth them out." He said: "My sheep know my voice, and they follow me, and a stranger they will not follow." Oh, I've had many people to say to me, low here and low there, but God's word says, believe it not. Some told me that this or that would be the place for me, and some told me that I could not work for Him unless I went to a Bible school and learned how to love folks. Well, I was already at work, and already loving sinners. For God's old Bible says, this is the way, walk ye in it. So I followed Him, glory to God, there is a way. I've been with him by the still cool waters, and oftimes bathed my weary soul at the fountain of peace. I've rested my tired feet by the still cool waters and drank in the sweet sunshine of his ocean of love. When I grow faint and weary, I know a balm for my aching heart. I fly to the "rock that is higher than I." In the calm of the

noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hours, I have fled to this refuge. It is that divine, which the world cannot give, and if I were hungry or naked, or sick, or in peril, I would go to Him. For He satisfieth the longing soul. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. And restoreth my soul. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy has attended me, all the days of my life."

And I have lived the best part of it. I'm coming over the mountain of life's noon-day, toward the western sunset. And as I near the golden shore, I can sometimes hear the music and the singing. I feel the hand of time moving me along, toward the everlasting hills of Zion. And what should I fear, when I come to death's cold swollen tide, for surely His rod and His staff will comfort me. While the storms of life rages, I have nothing to fear, for I have the promise, "No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling." I am going to tell you in the following pages that I have nothing common with Satan. I never expect to be rich until I reach the land of endless day. Yes, I shall lay hold on God, and enter into the fullness of His rich grace, and claim His sanctifying power and divine love in its fullness, and try by His grace to be faithful over a few things.

Oh, there's a world of joy, for one who gives,
The cup of blessing to the quivering lip;
Who lifts the soul of him, awhile he lives;
With sorrow-shattered form, and trembling hip.

Would you speak words that I have failed to speak?
Bring joy and Heaven's blessing to the sad,
Forget your own heart-aches and sighs, and seek
To lighten other hearts, and make them glad?

VIALS OF TRUTH

As you read vials of truth,
Here in peace, none can hinder;
Vials of truth I have torn
From a heart sweet and tender.
A heart torn and bleeding;
Far away it reposes,
It's hid like the thorns,
Behind the beautiful roses.

And my secret lies there,
Through all the lone hours,
Like thorns hid by roses
In green shady bowers.
But these truths brought to thee,
Loving one, they are thine;
But the bleeding hearts, sufferings,
And secrets are mine.

Oh, give me the bleeding hearts
Please give them to me,
And you keep the roses,
I gave them to thee;
For the roses are emblems
Of truth which I gave,
Truth, all from the sore
Bleeding heart of a slave.

SONNETS OF THE BIBLE

God in His wisdom set out one day,
To make a man of earthly clay;
He finished him, and breathed within
His living spirit which made them kin;
They were companions then because
They had no statute books and laws,
They lived in the Garden of Eden then,
Before the earth was filled with men.

The earth the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
He wanted a man, not to scorn and scoff,
But to till the ground, and scatter the seeds,
And be the master of loving deeds,
To gather sheaves and follow the plow,
To bridle the horse and milk the cow,
To eat the fruit from tree and vine
And live a life on earth divine.

God named him Adam, and gave to him
This whole big earth, from center to rim;
He owned the fishes, and birds that sing,
And never did want for anything.
I cannot say if he laughed or cried,
Or whether he felt satisfied,
But the Bible says he fell in a trance
Before he started to wearing pants.

Then while he slumbered, and took his rest,
The birds sang sweetly o'er his breast,
And the foxes played through glade and lea,
For life was a dream for such as he.
A sparrow poised on an aspen leaf,
The cythe lay softly beside the sheath;
As a fair-haired maiden, young and sweet,
Nestled close to her master's feet.

When Adam awoke, he knew that she,
His help-mate all through life should be.
I think his heart was warm and light,
And his innocent eye was beaming bright;
I'm sure they roamed through flowers sweet,
And waded the water in their bare feet,
And chased the butterflies and bees,
And nibbled the bark from off the trees.

The bark of cinnamon, and sassafras,
Grew up in the tender blades of grass;
The pomegranate, and spruce and pine,
Were akin to the poplar and jassamine.
The forbidden fruit also did wave
In that beautiful land which God had gave,
If they had never of it partook
We would not be making this little book.

They built them a home, so cozy and snug,
With a bamboo roof, and a green-leaf rug;
With a palm leaf door, and I have no doubt
It kept the baby from falling out.
Now Baby Cain was growing fine;
Then took to raising sheep and swine;
But little Abel loved to dig,
And plant and hoe, the ground-cherry and fig.

Then Cain remembered his father's God,
And brought his firstlings of the sod
From down on the sunny slope so steep,
Little Abel brought a sheep.
Where the reeds and rushes grew so rank,
The weeds were thick upon the bank;
Cain would sow and toil and reap,
While little Abel watched his sheep.

Now God was pleased with the little lamb,
For it was a type of an innocent man;
Who would come and die for this world of sin;
And now my story will begin.
Abel was happy and free from strife,
So Cain got angry and took his life;
"Am I his keeper," he said to God,
When his brother's blood cried out from the sod.

Now to my mind, it seems so sad
That Cain got angry, and slew that lad;
But in the path-way, we see hard by,
A cunning serpent, so vile and shy.
It followed these brothers all the way
From their Eden home where they left that day,
Seeking to kill or devour these men;
It made a murderer of one of them.

And laid the other in his grave.
No eye to pity, no hand to save;
Without salvation, we all would fail,
And fall in the way of the serpent's trail.
Cain had to face an angry God,
Who banished him to the land of Nod;
Oh, not alone, for there he knew
A fair young wife, so kind and true.

Now God just let that murderer live;
With his father heart, he will forgive,
And put his protecting arms around
The man he made to till the ground.
And God has pitied the sinner so.
Whose heart is hard and filled with woe,
He searched all heaven for his pure son
To come and redeem the sinful one.

Low in a manger sweet he lay
Beside his mother, one fine day.
Yes, Jesus came from the courts above,
To bring us peace and perfect love;
And he was willing to suffer too,
As o'er the earth he journeyed through,
He did not seek to do his will,
But came God's mission to fulfill.

Off to the mountains he would go,
Oftimes to let his Father know
That he had bless't each fallen child,
And searched for them through the desert wild
And took his coin from the fishes' mouth,
And healed the sick through shine and drouth;
He searched for the lost, o'er mountains wild,
And gently carried each little child.

"I am the bread of life," said he,
"You come to the Father, but by me.
You cannot climb some other way,
For at the judgment it will not pay.
Oh, come to me," he sadly sighed
Before he bowed his head and died.
Beneath the awful load of pain,
He said, "I shall return again."

And well you know, the story goes,
He had his share of want and woes.
He bore the sins of all the lost,
And shed his blood, to pay the cost.
In lone Gethsemene he cried,
And prayed upon the mountain side;
Until the sun was nearly set,
He prayed in lone Mount Olivet.

One morning when the sun was bright,
Two angels stood in snowy white,
And said, "He's coming back to you
Long after he has passed from view."
But first our mansions he'll prepare
Around God's throne, so bright and fair,
Then he is coming for his own,
Who loving deeds to him has shown.

The saints will leap from withered shrouds
To meet the Saviour in the clouds;
And with them he shall ever be;
And friends, there's room for you and me,
I'm longing for his heavenly smile,
And gaze upon his face awhile,
And by his wounded side to stand,
And see the nail-prints in his hand.

BLESSINGS

With Christ, who did these blessings give,
What can I do for him this day;
For nevermore I'll pass this way,
And while I live, I love to live
For other hearts so blythe and free;
I love to scatter sunny smiles,
And roses, in the way for thee.

Oh, may I joyfully begin
At daybreak, loving deeds to do,
And e're the night shades come again
A blessing may I be to you.
And while we live, oh may we live
For Christ, who did these blessings give.

COME UNTO ME

Come unto me, oh child of tender love,
A voice cries from above;
The call of God comes sweet to each and all:
He sees the sparrows fall.

Oh child of love, lean hard on Jesus' arm,
A shelter from the storm:
He loves and chides the anxious spirit hid;
Loves more than mother did.

Remember the advice so kind she gave;
But now cold in her grave.
The sweet days pass, and mother dear is gone;
Who can you look upon?

She kissed your cheek when you was fair and young;
Sweet accent on thy tongue.
She taught you lessons, beautiful and sweet;
You knelt there by her feet.

But one loved mother in this world you'll find,
But there's a shepherd kind,
Who traversed mountains wild and rugged steep
To find his wandering sheep.

He carries in his arms each little kid,
Someway, like mother did,
And places them within his sheltered fold:
A refuge from the cold.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

A SONG ON THE BREEZE

There's a beautiful song upon the breeze;
The soft winds gently sigh.
There's a sound of music above the trees
Which echoes to you and I.

The heavens bowed so low and sweet
To kiss each falling tear;
The sunshine smiles on our weary feet
To tell us God is near.

And Oh, there's joy to the waking heart,
When the soul has ceased to sin;
And never a child from God shall part
When the heavenly guest comes in.

Fresh living waters so pure divine,
Shall flow with a bounding fling,
And the happy soul shall ever shine
As the light on a golden string.

I hear them singing so low and sweet:
A song from the far off shore;
I hear the treading of beautiful feet,
Passing by my door.

These are the children of light and life,
Treading the great highway;
They have washed their robes from sin and strife,
And serve God every day.

They gently beckon to you and me
To come to this light divine,
And sing of his goodnes rich and free,
And all the world outshine.

I want a harp with a thousand strings
To play on that beautiful shore,
Where I shall worship the king of kings,
In mansions, forevermore.

A WHITE ROSE

Far out upon my way,
I found a blossom rare,
And oh I dare to say
I fondled it with care.
Its tiny petals cling
Close to the mossy stem.
A bee had placed its sting
Within this perfumed hem.

And only just these two,
Proud in the forest wild.
As near to them I drew,
I saw no other child,
But this white blossom rare,
Beside the way for those,
So sweetly blooming there,
Where gentle breezes blow.

And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever, and ever.

MY COMING KING

I want him to come in the morning,
While the dew is still on the roses;
When the bright rays are topping the mountains,
When all nature is in its awakening.
Oh Jesus, dear Saviour, I'm watching,
To welcome thy glorious coming,
With my lamp all trimmed and burning,
For thee, oh my weary soul yearning.

I dreamed yester-night of thy coming,
The waves of the ocean were roaring;
Above them the seagulls were soaring;
Within them the earth streams were pouring;
The nations to arms swiftly summing;
The sound of artillery was humming.
The great men of earth soundly snoring,
The humble ones thy word were storing.

Oh heart of the wilderness, flourish;
Oh weak things, arise and be nuorished;
Put on your white garments and praise him,
With faces upturned to his heaven,
For I know his train will be glorious;
Ten thousand are coming victorious
To glean the great harvest of jewels,
Away from the great tribulation.

While the vision of heaven and beauty
Shall hover me close in thy shadow,
I'll put down my pen for the writing,
Which is surely a part of my duty.
I'll stand in the grassy, green meadows
Among butter-cups, daisies and violets,
And sing till the birds in the tree tops
Re-echo the sound on the hill-side.

The murmuring breezes blew softly,
Waving my hair in the sunshine;
A cricket sang by the door-sill,
While the rustic gate creaked on its hinges,
I wandered away through the garden
Gathering sweet poppies and roses,
Thinking how gladly I'd meet him
If he should come in the dawning.

In seed-time, in harvest, in autumn,
I sat by the banks of the river,
My heart for my king sadly aching,
Knowing not he was mine for the taking.
I beheld in the sands there a foot-print,
Which led me on pathways and valleys,
In great yawning chasms and woodlands,
Where the nightingale sang in the willows.

The stars sang together, so lovely,
At intervals changing position;
Amongst the bright moon-beams up yonder;
Where my king through the milky-way lingers.
The dew-drops, like diamonds, all glistening
There, never a sad soul repining;
The rain-drops, like jewels, all sparkling,
His heavens all dotted with glory.

How sweetly the shadows are falling,
The western sun slowly setting,
The nightingale peered for her calling,
And I all earth's sorrows forgetting,
The wilderness wild with its brambles,
Perfumed, orange-blossoms and roses;
By not a refreshing spring nourished,
The rain-dove and bald-eagle flourished.

Are not these His handiwork, given
To beautify earth in the making?
Hath not his hand touched every valley,
The same as each mother and baby?
Their delicate fingers have touched me,
Their beautiful lips has said lady;
Remembering God has created
Each after his kind to be mated.

I long for my love in the shadows,
Awaiting his countenance given.
At peep of day, low in the dawning,
I think he is coming tomorrow.
His kingliness higher than heaven,
His looking more stout than his fellows,
Searching through highways and meadows,
The earth all aglow with his glory.

At the sound of the trumpet, an angel
Appears in the misty sky o'er me.
I hear the glad shout of the ransomed,
And see the glad throng come to meet him.
In like manner he is approaching
The earth, and his coming is glorious.
The just and the unjust are parted,
The great tribulation is started.

But far in the heavenly rapture,
A beautiful wedding supper;
The bride all arrayed in white linen,
Away in God's glorious heaven.
Ten million times brighter than ever,
Away where no discord can sever.

AUTUMN

The autumn has come with the golden,
The leaves are all yellow and brown,
The firmament showeth his handiwork,
And stars with their faces turned down
Watch o'er us to tell us he's coming;
In clouds some bright morning afar,
Then the waves will be still and no longer
They'll break on the sandy bar.

Remember our lord in the scripture
Said, ye shall be greater than these;
Far greater than beautiful flowers,
Which fall 'midst the brown autumn leaves.
The sparkling eyed sparrows that twitter,
He sees with a single eye keen;
For each one is numbered that falleth
'Midst the brown, yellow, golden and green.

More value are ye little children,
Whose light streameth forth from on high.
When out on the hill-top you perished,
God remembered, and heard your faint cry.
Then let us remember to praise him,
As the autumn time passes away;
The soul filled with joy in his presence
Shall hail him that glourious day.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow—
They toil not, neither do they spin.

MEDITATION

Ah, the wild, wild moments,
I watch them speed away,
Chasing the snow-white frost
From this bright December day.

In its beauteous grandeur,
Pouring golden ray,
The bright sun in splendor,
Wending on the way.

Steal we softly yonder,
Near the dark deep blue,
Where the lovely meadow
Sinks in lovelier hue?

Where the pussy-willow
Plumes her downy crew,
And the violets blooming
Where the tullies grew.

Ah, the days and hours,
How they come and go;
Leaving leaf and pine-tree
Where the berries grow.

Steal we softly yonder,
E're life's setting sun
Leaves but us to ponder
E're the victory's won.

In the morning, sow thy seed. And in the evening, withhold not thy hand.

QUIETNESS, THE BEAUTIFUL

Lock closely now thyself, with him within,
Where quietness the beautiful and sweet;
In love's own heart divine, the breezes thin,
From heaven's highland comes, my way to greet.

In solitude alone, the moments sweet;
For God and angels minister to me.
They gently bathe my tired, aching feet,
And guide my faltering step through glade and lea.

I listened to the chimes from 'midst the deep
And heard the low sweet moaning of the sea
Upon the bleached rocks, silently I keep
A vigil watch, when cherubs courting me.

I comprehend, in every sprig and clod,
Sweet songs of seraphs on the shining wing;
Appreciate and feel the love of God:
Glad anthem of high heaven, sweetly sing.

All nature sweetly speaks of God each day;
The dark green forests, and the rolling sea.
The winding banks, so beautiful are they,
Lashed by the tide, 'tis music sweet to me.

There's a place in God, I love to be,
Among the sanctified, within his fold,
Prepared to dwell with him eternally,
And walk upon bright Heaven's streets of gold.

A low sweet chord of music strikes my ear;
I feel a ray of sunlight, from that clime,
Which banishes away all doubt and fear;
When touched, the tuneful string brings joy divine.

I hear a low sweet whisper to my soul,
And know the refuge safe as Noah's best;
My spirit languisheth to meet the goal,
As they within the ark, beloved and blest.

In nature's lovely bowers, I fain would be,
Where solitude is sweet, oh love divine,
And sing thy wakeful songs in nook and lea;
Then ne'er again my sad heart shall repine.

SOMETIME

Sometimes I feel I am akin
To folks who on this earth have been.
For when I sing the songs they wrote,
I seem to see in every note
That they at last have heaven won,
While I the final race must run.
Sometimes I feel that they shall greet
Me with a smile and then entreat
My anxious heart to ever stay,
Where we can sing eternally.
I feel them clasp glad hands and sing,
Until the courts of heaven ring
Of God's free grace, while they shall tell;
I'll run the race, and run it well.

SUNSHINE

Give me sunshine, and golden hours,
  Give me life where peace doth reign,
Alone with God, in lovely bowers
  Where sorrow's tear ne'er leaves a stain.
Oh, I would cease from babblings vain;
  Flee from his wrath to love's high tower;
Sweet heaven's breezes come again,
  With tune of bird and bee, this hour.

I'll bask within his love divine;
  Bring messages, oh loving one,
Sing praises at his golden shrine,
  E're thou shalt pass yon setting sun.
With sunshine stored within my soul;
  Supremely sweet, thou lovest me,
I'll anchor safe within the goal,
  Upon the mount of blessings free.

A lovely thing to live and go
  Through every path his feet hath made;
His fruits and flowers for us grow
  In cleft and crag, in nook and shade.
Down by the waters cool and sweet,
  A thousand pebbles lying still;
Bourne by the soft waves, as complete
  As those who follow his sweet will.

Oh many times when heart doeth fail,
  When cords of love seem cast aside,
I shall not fear those who assail,
  While brightly gleams the rising tide.
The sun will shine, when shadows cease,
  And all earth's tears be hid from view;
Then everlasting joy and peace
  Will come and clasp glad hands with you.

SWEET EVENTIDE

Whence came the shadows in the stilly night;
At eve when guests have gone their way,
When bride-veil and jewels laid away;
Sweet memory can hear the organ play
And hear the many feet tread soft and light,
And see the pretty maidens dressed in white.

Again I sing, and dance, and romp and fling
My auburn tresses to the breeze again,
'Midst creeping shadows, in yon hill or plain,
While watchers round me fly, there I remain,
Sweet be my way, in joy I roam and sing,
At peep of day, sweet roses home I bring.

Then sighing ceased, the whole world seemed in bloom.
All nature smiles, extending hands to me.
How could the angels be more fair than we,
Oh, wedlock drives away storms from life's sea,
And bids me meditate beneath the moon.
When fortune smiles, the heavens to earth is tuned.

I gathered flowers by yon babbling stream,
And as the evening shadows slowly creep
I watched the clouds upon the mountain weep.
I knew not, 'twas a dream, and I asleep.
When strolling fields of grass, and meadows green.
The tall white quaking aspen, lie between.

I wake to live above this world of strife,
And feel the wings of love, at my command.
Drawn from the storehouse, on a golden strand,
It made me long for God, and Bulah-land;
Where running rivers, reeling richly rife,
At calm sweet eventide, there life was life.

I know that we shall walk the streets of gold,
And see the streams that leap down hill and vale;
And bask in God's sweet smile, there in the dale
And praise him for his power, which doeth assail;
The joy awaiting me can ne'er be told,
Until at eventide, safe in the fold.

MY CABIN

When the vines around my cabin door
Are scattered o'er the wild, wild moor,
When the bees have ceased their humming,
When the howling winds the wild moor fans,
When song-birds flown to southern lands:
Oh then, I'll soon be coming.

Here in my cabin on the plains,
I've watched the changing skies and rains;
Braved storms and wintry weather.
Now what have I to count for gain?
Age whispers, not long to remain;
Gray hairs and wrinkles gather.

Acros my brow the furrowed lines
Are deepening, as the ivy climbs
Around my window falling.
The nightingale peals forth her song;
The church-bells ring so loud and long,
For me they must be calling.

But can I go, and leave behind
My unmilked cow, my herd of swine,
With none to feed, or halter?
My bleating sheep, my dapple gray,
Would miss me; they beg me stay,
While on the brink I falter.

TO HIGHER PLAINS

I strolled one summer morn
  Toward a snow-caped hill.
All nature in adorn,
  My soul with joy to fill.
On waving field of corn
  Sang lark and whipporwill.

I saw the sparkling snow
  Up where my feet should tread.
I heard the soft winds blow,
  Then bowed my listening head.
A strain not dull nor dead
  From its sweet wave did flow.

I'm pressing onward where
  The still, cool waters sweet
Shall bathe my brow so fair,
  And roll beneath my feet.
Entangled in my hair
  The laurels which I greet.

Green ferns and pines I see,
  So beautiful are they.
Glad homes in nook and lea;
  I hear a sweet voice say:
May heaven shine on thee,
  Thy heartbeat light always.

My heart with love did swell;
  A little fawn I see
Down in a shady dell,
  Beside a locust tree,
Or eucalyptus, yell
  My loving Comanche.

In the valley of the moon,
  Here I shall rest me now,
Till day shall chase the noon
  Over the high palm's bough,
Around the rocks so soon—
  I cannot tell thee how.

E're I shall cross the stream
  At willow bend near by,
My heart's love fond, I deem
  Shall heave one longing sigh.
For love shall be my theme
  And love shall be my cry.

And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain. And when he was sat, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you.—John 14:2.

MY PASSING DAY

There never was a day more sweet
  Than this glad day has been to me.
The joy of other days complete
  Stay yonder o'er the western sea.
I watched in twilight as they sped
  Away as far as I could see;
Reflecting golden tinted red
  In yon bright evening sky for me.

The snow white caps lie hard between,
  Where angels breathe in ether sweet.
A woodmouse rustles near my screen;
  A squirrel capers near my feet.
A coon strolls out across the ridge;
  A raindove heaves a low sweet moan;
A fox steals softly round the bridge
  Where bright the golden sunbeams shone.

And now the golden tints around
  The skirted clouds like trimmings bend;
A thousand shapes, they touch the ground
  As heart to heart, and friend to friend.
My vision anchors in the blue;
  My day so sweet is hid from view
O'er sunny slopes and rugged steep;
  In dreams I slumber, fast asleep.

In those days came John, the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea. And saying, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts, and wild honey.

A HANDFUL OF ROSES

I gathered a handful of roses sweet;
Then gently placed them together neat;
I put them in a vase, to try
To tempt a bee that comes so nigh.
I sang a song and worked away
With my flowers there, and the bee astray.

At length when the day was nearly done,
I gazed o'er the hill to the setting sun
And saw the bee fly through the air
Up to a limb, for its home was there.
I closer drew to the place to see
The sweets its had stored away from me.

At last when the evening came, I learned
That a soul o'er the way for a song had yearned.
And as I sang, the words so sweet,
Filled a heart full of love complete;
And I shall never know what joy
The sweet song brought to an orphan boy.

But I shall sing again some day,
And gather flowers, to while away
The sad sweet days which come and go
To loved ones in the earth below;
A song to the heart, in a trying hour,
Brings joy like a bee to an opening flower.

Strive to enter in at the straight gate.
Where sin did abound, Grace did much more abound.
For if the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the sinner and the ungodly appear?

SPRINGTIME

The tiny buds are peeping out;
The gentle raindrops falling;
The shades of green around each sprout—
'Tis springtime sweetly calling.

Springtime is here, and we are blessed
With earth's glad song of duty.
Bereaved a moment for the rest
Who failed to see its beauty.

The mistletoe which hangs so high
Above the cowpath yonder
Brings glad scenes to the passerby
Who stops awhile to ponder.

The morninglories wake and sleep
Like children in the morning,
Who open their eyes to smile and creep
Around my home adorning.

Springtime is youth in sweetest bloom,
And may we love its coming
To spread fair flowers and sweet perfume
To every bee that's humming.

The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge.

And the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

THE SPRINGING FLOWERS

The springing flowers are peeping forth,
Though cool the winds blown from the north;
Bespeaking love, to me this day,
Reminding me of coming May.
Of little worth I still may be,
But Oh, the springtime comes to me.

And many times the breezes sweet,
Waft me to the mercy seat;
To bathe my weary, fainting heart,
A balm for each dread pain and smart,
And then my joy is ever true;
Oh, how I wish 'twould come to you.

Would you believe, this smiling day
God walks with me, he hears me pray,
And pushes back my sky-line, so
The way is bright where I shall go,
Through village streets and golden ways;
He brings me comfort all my days.

This is a time when God just lends
The saints of earth to be my friends;
And Oh, dear friends, if you could see
His kingliness so rich and free,
You would know that he is ever nigh,
And bloom like flowers, beneath his eye.

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath annointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

ALONE

Far out into the clear still night
I watched a sea-gull in her flight;
She sailed across the bending sky;
I watched her as she came so nigh
And wondered why she came so late,
So far from loved ones, home and mate.

Upon the old plow-beam I leaned;
From off my shoes I raked and cleaned,
And gazed into the starry sky,
And heard her home-ward piercing cry,
As wearily she met her fate
And fell beside her dying mate.

It made me think of days gone by,
When in the cottage, Nell and I,
We loved, as most all lovers do;
The scene just made me miss her, too.
And then I brushed away the tears,
For she's been gone for many years.

The meek shall inherit the earth.

The fullest heads of wheat are bowed.

Just keep on loving folks who are unloveable, if you ever hope to win them for Christ.

Love your neighbor as yourself, even if he does make a mistake once in awhile. Forgive, that you might be forgiven.

In the day that you seek God with all your heart, he will be found of you.

INDIAN SUMMER

Around yon horizon, I see the haze
Of beautiful Indian summer days,
Which bring to me the autumn song
Oh happy hours, when sound the gong—
The supper gong rang long and shrill,
Then we came tripping o'er the hill.

Around the milk-shed. I see mother comes
With stool and pail, and little tune she hums.
But this is just her quaint, old-fashioned ways,
Well spent in toil, these Indian summer days,
Baking brown bread and good old pumpkin-pie,
When Mae and Alice peeped around so shy.

The foot-log lying there across the stream
Will soon be covered o'er with ice,
When Indian summer days shall wane;
The flakes are playing, like white mice;
The corn-stalk bends to kiss the milo-maize
And say a sweet farewell to Indian summer days.

The sweetly bygone days around me cling,
These fond remembrances, the old scenes bring,
Sweet pictures hung before my longing gaze,
Of Mae and Alice, yonder in the swing.
Sweet recollections set my heart ablaze
And whisper peace to me, these golden days.

ELSIE, COME HOME

On the plains of old Wyoming, where the wind blows hard and cold,
Lives a dear old christian father with a heart as true as gold.
In his weather-beaten cabin, with his Bible on his arm,
Reading, praying, night and morning, summer, winter, rain or storm.
With his dog, his sole companion, good old Bruno is his name,
Listening daily for a footfall—will she ne'er return again?

When he goes to bed at evening, there's a candle burning bright
In the window for his darling, if she should return tonight.
When he arises in the morning, looks around the lonely place,
Even poor old faithful Bruno has a tear upon his face.
"Elsie, come back home and cheer us; ride the range with whip ahoy;
Drive the cattle home with Bruno—how he'd wag his tail for joy.

Just remember Elsie, darling, how you used to hold the reins,
In your saddle ride with daddy o'er the wild Wyoming plains.
Since you've gone away and left us, gone to live in yonder town,
Hoary hairs like frosts are creeping, and the cabin is tumbling down.
Elsie dear, we long to tell you, Jack, the horse you rode, is dead;
He seemed lonesome, he was grieving for you, when he hung his head.
You should have been here then to feed him, and to rein his head once more,
As you used to when you rode him round our dear old cabin door.

Don't you know the time you rode him, on the Cheyenne
racetrack gay;
How he won for you the hundred, just before you went away.
In your saddle dashing gayly, oft I see you in my dreams,
As you sailed across the mountains in Wyoming's hills so
green.
But the scenes have changed, dear Elsie, when I lie to dream
and rest;
All my nightly visions faded, like shattered hopes, lie in
the dust.

There's your saddle in the corner, whip and bridle on the
hook,
And the prancing steed you rode on lies at rest down by
the brook.
Will you please return home Elsie, cheer our hearts so lone
and sad.
Me and Bruno longs to see you, pleads your old heartbroken
dad.
You are welcome and no difference what the cost, the loss
or gain;
We are lonely here without you—we both love you just the
same."

There are many people in this world who would be ashamed to stop and lift a fallen girl. But I found this one in a brothel in the year of 1909 in Green River, Wyoming. I was engaged in rescue work, and God wonderfully blessed my effort by giving me a few jewels for my crown. Elsie came with me to the alter of prayer. She found peace to her soul before she passed into eternity. If you had a lost one, I would go and bring her into the fold. I shall never be ashamed to lift the fallen. Jesus died for them.

Oh, think before you speak,
Christ died for such as she;
He shed those loving tears
Not all for you and me.

The cruel cross He bore
On lone Mount Calvary
Was carried there for her
As well as for you and me.

He bowed His loving head
Upon the cross that day,
"'Tis finished," thus He said,
For her who went astray.

THE OLD AND NEW CAMP

Near a quaint old western city,
In a camp one summer day;
I had gone there on a mission,
With a message to convey:
Just to tell of good king Jesus;
Just to do my master's will;
Just to tell to those around me
Of the camp on Zion's hill.

All the camp boys gathered round me;
And were seated on the ground;
Listening patiently to hear me,
Waiting to catch each word or sound.
As I gently told the story,
How their eyes with tears did fill
When I told them of the mansions
In that camp on Zion's hill.

In that camp of blest rejoicing,
  There will be no tired teams;
There will be no digging trenches,
  And no engines run by steam.
For the Zion camp was finished;
  Planned and made at Jesus' will;
Put your trust in him who's waiting
  For you up on Zion's hill.

There will be no care-worn mothers;
  No sick babies on the roll;
But among the least, and others,
  Youth and vigor fill the soul.
Everybody there is peaceful;
  How their souls with gladness thrills.
Oh, the joy and peace of living
  In that camp on Zion's hill.

There will be no angry bosses
  Then to come and scold and frown;
There will be no cares or crosses
  In that camp of fame renown.
Will you come with me to glory?
  Only say the word, I will,
And we'll shout his praises yonder,
  In the camp on Zion's hill.

IN THE DELL

In the dell, where bird and flower,
In the quiet green leaf shade;
There's a gentle brook this hour,
Over rocks through craig and glade.

Its dark waters sing so sweetly,
As they ripple in the sun,
Ah, my heart is charmed completely,
Teaching me how to have fun.

'Tis my duty just to journey
In the channel deep and wide,
Smiling as I go and cheerful,
Looking not to either side.

God has promised he will guide me,
With an ever watchful eye;
If I let his love continue,
I shall reach the plain on high.

There the blossoms never wither;
Never perish from the heat.
There the lamb shall lead his loved ones
By the waters cool and sweet.

If he needs a Paul or Mary,
Surely he can count on me.
For I'm bound for heaven yonder,
Just beyond death's narrow sea.

She was a victim in that world where woe is king, where greed wrings the hearts of innocence for gold. One day she became converted to christianity, went to church and was slighted, picked at like a speckled bird, frowned at, until at last she made up her mind that God's people were as scarce as feathers on a flee. And now she is still saved, but takes her solid comfort at home in the closet upon her knees, alone with God. Will you ask yourself, was it me, was it me, oh God, did I slight her, the fallen sister who needed my love and fellowship? Ask yourself, truly, am I being loveable to God's little ones.

I'd like to see that long-haired rascal who said, a fallen woman could not be saved and become as pure as an angel.

AND JESUS SAID UNTO HER, "NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE"

I've tried this world, and all its sins;
With evil comrades spent my days.
Oh, awful paths I've trodden in,
Not caring for the stormy ways.
Not caring for my mother's pleas;
Forgetting all her loving smiles.
Forgetting her on bended knees,
Praying to God to bless her child.

Oh, misspent life, could I recall;
I fain would give my life, my all.
But, alas, too late, the time to stay—
I broke her heart and went astray.
My age was scarcely seventeen
When I began to roam around.
When last her dear old face I seen
Her tears were falling to the ground.

These parting words she said to me:
Oh darling Leah, do not go
Out in the cold world; then said she,
'Tis full of pitfalls, sin and woe.
But on I went, unheeding all,
In every crooked path I've been;
I've seen the world of vice, and all,
And drank the very essence of sin.

They came with me into the dens
To drink the wine and use the dope;
To learn the ways of evil men;
To end a life in ruined hope.
When under the influence I have been,
So many evil things I've seen.
The horrors of one dreadful night,
Oh, I never will forget the sight.

Down in a corner, where I lay,
There I was safe from sight of cops;
It seemed a woman, old and gray,
Crept in the den of rum and hops.
She came and sat down by my side;
Her eyes were fast upon me then.
Said I, you've only come to chide;
Else why did you come to this den?

Her dear kind voice was firm and low;
She spoke so soft and kind to me.
Her poor old heart was broke, I know;
For mother had come to plead with me.
She laid my head upon her arm,
And firmly she began to pray:
Oh God, you shield my child from harm;
And this is what I heard her say:

"Oh, cursed be the wine and rum
That lured my darling to the slums.
And cursed be the coin that bought
The soul I've loved, the child I've taught.
But Lord, she's mine; you gave her me
When she was pure, in infancy.
Though now she's cast upon the shrine
Of lust, through drugs, through rum and wine.

Oh Lord, I love her, now she's down
And snared by Satan's cunning wiles.
Though all this world should cast a frown,
She's still my child, my darling child.
And while I call on Thee today,
Oh blessed Saviour, hear me pray,
And curse the evil of the day
That my dear Leah went astray."

At last my dream was over, and I awoke
To find no mother there with me;
To find that not a comrade spoke.
Then I crept out so silently.
I made a vow, right there and then,
To ne'er again go in the den;
The den so vile, so basely low;
I pledged that ne'er again I'd go.

And now my mind is clear and I
Don't go with those who drink and lie
Down in dens to dream and die.
As in the years of sin gone by.
The marks of sin are left upon
This weary broken form of mine.
Through waywardness I've been brought down,
Through bad companions to confine.

My misspent life, Oh God, forgive.
I now repent and pray to Him
Who sent the vision that I might live,
To that dark corner in the den.
Although I've caused her grief and pain;
Oftimes I've caused her tears to start.
There's other young girls in this land
Breaking their mother's tender heart.

Success will bless the mindful few
Who mother's footsteps will pursue.
Be careful what you do and say,
Lest you, like me, should go astray.
And now return to mother's God,
Ere she is placed beneath the sod.
Oh, cheer her heart from day to day,
For sometime she will pass away.

HOMEWARD

My bark set sail,
But I was ne'er content;
My arm was frail—
My oar and rudder bent.

To reach my home,
Across the continent;
No more to roam,
Think of the years I've spent.

My days are gone;
The past I now relent.
Old age creeps on,
And who can it prevent.

MY WESTERN GIRL

Away 'mid blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
There dwells a maiden fairer than the rose;
A maiden very fair, you'd love to meet,
Where bluebells bloom, and water lillies grow.
The dew fell soft from heaven her to greet,
The tiny buds peep forth, and there repose.

Her sweet life passing, in this land of flowers,
Where Burbank daisies poise, and poppies bloom,
And spineless cactus rears it head with ours,
Casting rich fruit from out the earthly tomb.
Around her cottage home, the atmosphere
Was pure, and loveliness itself was there.

I often sigh for her, when I am sad;
And think of days she made my heart so glad;
The days her nimble fingers touched my brow—
I seem to hear her play the organ now.
So soft and gentle, low in tenderness,
She gave my faded brow a loving kiss.

Beneath the pines and palms one fine sweet day,
I kissed sweet Nellie, then I went away,
Where oak and hickory, spruce and jassamine
Grew o'er the deadly night-shade, by the way.
I think, perchance, I'll brighten lives, and shine
In dréary hearts, as Nellie shone in mine.

The clouds hang heavy o'er life's pathway now;
Ofttimes I feel forsaken by my friends.
The dews of heaven fall upon my brow;
The wild bleak wind my torn mantle rends;
But God is on the throne and gives his smile
To calm my fears and every foe beguile.

THE DEVIL'S WINDING STAIR

She stood on the threshold of ruin;
She was winsome, winning and fair.
How little she knew she was viewing
The Devil's winding stair.
She stood there so silent, and listening
At the music so charming and sweet,
While the tempter with evil eyes glistening,
Had bowed himself at her feet.
The first glance she did not discover
Midnight revelry, passion and shame,
For between her and this was her lover,
Whose heart she had linked in her chain.

But the chain, every link, has been broken;
One by one they have vanished and fell;
Friends are few as alone she goes wondering
Down the winding stairway to Hell.
Little she thought of tomorrow,
As down the stairway she fled;
Little she knew of the sorrow,
Had she fondled a serpeant instead
She would have been far better
Lying there lifeless and dead,
Than clasped in the arms of a demon
As on to destruction she fled.

Going down, going down, still deeper;
And the further, the faster she went;
Further down the stairway was steeper,
And besides there was none to prevent.
Then she paused for a moment and shuddered,
And her loud piercing cry pealed the air—
This adventuring lassie had fallen
On the Devil's winding stair.

There she lies, wounded and bleeding,
On a broken step all alone,
To be scorned, despised and forsaken,
For her lover had vanished and gone.

You may say in your heart, it was cruel.
When I gazed on her pitiful face;
For I know she fought many a duel
Right there on the Devil's staircase.
Her heart was as hard as a bullet;
Her virtue and beauty were lost;
Her eyes were fastened like rivets,
When she saw what her journey had cost.
Her good name, her friends, and her honor,
Like chaff by the gale had been swept.
She realized then, she was wiser,
And she looked at that broken step.

With a look that was full of distraction
On her pitiful tear-stained face,
For never before had she gazed on
That long road to shame and disgrace.
With a willingness meeker and wiser,
She arose from the step there alone;
Looking round her, she spied in the corner
One who had followed her down.
It was I—I had come to her rescue,
For she had not a friend on the road
And besides I was strong, I was willing
To assist her, and carry the load.

For I knew she with sin was well weighted,
And unable to turn on the stair.
And she longed for a kind word to cheer her,
And a hand to smooth back her hair.
As she stood there so helpless and silent,
It needed no tongue to tell;

I knew she had made her life bitter,
And her bed she had made it in hell.
But I could not see her lie on it,
To suffer eternally there.
I came to her side, and said, Mary,
The tempter, your poor soul has snared.

I led her in paths straight and narrow.
I told her that Jesus had died.
For lost ones in sin and sorrow
My Saviour had suffered and died.
And some day when I get to heaven,
A crown full of jewels to wear,
I'll recognize her, one among them,
From the Devil's winding stair.

Space will not permit me to tell you the story of Mary. She was a motherless, homeless, friendless girl that I found in the prison at Fresno, California. I lifted her from a fallen life, took her to church with me, and she became a different girl in a short time. God is in the soul saving business, bless His dear name. I'm sanctified and on the shining way.

MOTHER

I miss her now, she's flown;
Oh heart of mine, why do I grieve?
I sob and sigh alone;
My guardian angel, reaping golden sheaves.

I long for her again
To come and kiss my throbbing brow;
To bathe my aching head;
But she is gone—I have no mother now.

Oh here alone I think
Of her with glittering crown so bright,
Robed in spotless, fadeless white,
She walks the street of heaven tonight.

But God's own hand hath gave
Life's breath into this empty clay,
The winding-sheet, the grave,
We all must lie, to moulder and decay.

Our days are numbered here,
And life, sweet life, will soon be 'oer.
Beyond this vale of strife and tears
I'll meet her on yon shining golden shore.

'Tis there no eye grows dim;
My tired aching arms will rest;
My feet shall feel no pang within;
My head will rest on mother's gentle breast.

Again she'll sing to me
Sweet songs of heaven bye and bye;
Beyond the changeless, crystal sea,
I'll meet her just beyond yon starry sky.

In loving memory of my friend, who passed away

WANDERING AT TWILIGHT

The sun has sunk behind the hill,
The birds and beasts have gone to rest.
All nature seems to sleep at will.
Another day is spent, is past;
But where, oh where am I, pray tell?
Am I slumbering with the rest,
Or am I wandering in the dell,
Or in a mansion fitly dressed?

I hear the tolling of a bell—
It sounds so strangely sweet to me.
While listening to the notes that swell,
I'm wondering where I can be.
The hour is late, I dare to say,
And where am I, so faint and weak?
Then spirit, would'st I say thee nay,
Thou whom my weary soul doth seek?

Nay spirit, thou hast not come in vain;
For thou shalt guide me through the vale;
Through the mists to bliss and gain,
O'er brook and valley, hill and dale.
Oh, gently lead me where the sun has gone,
To perfect peaceful paths of morn;
Hide my soul from din and throng,
Where brightest sunbeams shall adorn.

I'll be content, I'll gladly go with thee;
I know the world has room and some to spare.
It seems there's not a resting place for me.
I fain would rest within the great somewhere.
Somewhere, somewhere, with thee, at ease;
Oh spirit, gentle dove of peace,
'Tis almost midnight, hear the cry so shrill—
The cry of horsemen coming o'er the hill.

To carry me and thee, oh spirit, there,
  Where rest the saints, beyond death's chill.
One smile upon a face so fair,
  A whispered peace, sweet peace, now all is still.
'Tis there I long to rest my weary soul;
  The sun shall ne'er refuse to shine,
Beyond this earthly sphere, and waters shoal;
  Oh, lead me gently, to that land divine.

CHARITY

The summer sky so blue,
  My flowers fresh and sweet.
Love's haven all I knew,
  Here in my cottage neat.
Dear one, I have no care,
  I've dainty things to eat;
My garments clean I wear;
  My joy is all complete.

Oh, I have wool and fleece
  To clothe the naked feet;
And I bring joy and peace
  To every village street.

Now would you know my name?
  It is sweet charity.
I'm always just the same;
  I make hearts warm and free.

WHEN THE SHADOWS ARE LONG

I sat by my window one evening,
The shadow of night slowly falling;
All nature so gently relieving;
Sweet rest to the weary ones calling.
A whipporwill, perched on the fringes,
At the eaves of the old cattle manger;
The rustic gate creaked on its hinges
Like the voice of a far away ranger.

A nightingale sang long and loudly,
While a dove nestled up to the rafter;
Two sparrows upon a limb, proudly
Saw the deepening shades coming after.
The flowers that bloomed near the doorsill
No innocent baby had finger'd;
Now silently the squeaking old wind-mill,
While softly the long shadows linger'd.

I sat by my window, and thinking
Of the souls who at even-tide thronging
In gay halls of bright fancies linking
Their smiles, while their hearts filled with longing.
But Oh, what sweet peace filled my vision,
As the western sunset glowed brightly;
No false, fickle, famished derision,
As the moments and hours sped lightly.

For silence is golden, and heaven
Seems hushed, when the heralds done singing;
Bemingled, the whole lump is leaven;
At eventide praises, home bringing.

I think that an angel hand painted
The sunset, all splendor and beauty,

And left not a thing that is tainted,
  Nor shirked not the least of her duty.
The dark evening clouds fringed in golden,
  Sat over the sky many places,
Return to me quaintly and olden,
  As the evening stars show their glad faces.

COLD WATER

Give me a glass of cold water;
  'Twill satisfy, gladden and fill.
As pure as the dewdrops of heaven
  That never was run through a still.

No swinging doors hinder or measure,
  No bars and no dealers to give;
But free as the air, 'tis a pleasure
  To drink pure cold water, and live.

Distilleries and breweries have never
  Fomented none like it to bring;
Invented none pure as cold water
  Which flows from a pure crystal spring.

No tears do I see of poor mother's;
  No murdering, death, pain or slaughter;
No sighing of orphans, or others,
  Contained in a glass of cold water.

Proverbs, 25:25—As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

TO THE WIND

Haste to thy place, thou gentle wind,
While I in stillness listen,
And think I hear his voice again,
In vesper's chimes, long to remain
Where falling teardrops glisten.

Thou carest not, oh, gentle wind,
When searching greenest valleys,
Thou turnest upside down the leaves
And beat the grain from out the sheaves,
And chase through street and alley.

Where hast thou been, in years gone by,
When I, a shepherd boy,
Out on the hillside with the sheep,
Longing to be with those who reap,
To know a moment's joy.

And then again, I hear the chimes,
And turn me to the city
To worship him who sent the breeze
To blow such sweetly strains as these,
Who look on me with pity.

Though I be barefoot, I am free
To hear the soft winds singing,
Or tearing up the golden rod
Which grows from out the dark green sod,
While heaven's bells are ringing.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but can'st not tell whither it goeth, or whence it cometh. So is every one that is born of the spirit.

IN YOUTH'S BRIGHT MORN

In youth's bright morn, I gaily sped away,
Through glade and sunshine, spent each passing year,
Chasing phantoms, and butterflies, each passing day,
With ne'er a clouded sky to cast a fear.
So swiftly did the sweet days pass from me,
Into a valley of a long, long yesterday.

Life's fleeting moments, hours, months, and years;
Earth's children sweet, pass scenes of tall church spires,
When passing through this vale of joy and tears.
Around the stately brave, and funeral biers.
The bells ring loudly, whistles blow, each day
Battles being fought, and won, along the way.

The days are sweet, this life will soon be gone.
I watch the hand of time move slowly by,
Which prints our names in hoary-frosts, by one,
And paints a falling tear, from each dim eye.
Stealing the roses from our cheek, which come
And place a longing for the bright eternal home.

THE FIRE AT FAIRMOUNT

It was midnight, and the firebells came ringing down the street.
The sounding whistles, and the noise of running horses' feet.
I could hear the deep loud breathing of each exhausted steed
When in the burning building I was waiting to be freed.
I stood there, terror stricken, till the morn was almost light;
Oh, God! the cries for mercy I could hear throughout the night.
I could hear the people pleading as they ran from room to room,
And hear their agonized cries: God save us, we are doomed!

My heart it sank within me, and my courage almost failed,
When I heard the cracking timber and heard the bitter wail.
It seemed to me that death had set that time to claim his toll.
The horrors of the moment seemed to clutch my quaking soul.
Then my heart leaped for joy when Fireman Duffey climbed the wall,
And carried me to safety on his shoulders through it all.
It seems to me the bravest man this country every knew
Is he who is not afraid to risk his life for me and you.

The hose man on the ladder, facing danger, death and all;
The bravest of all daring is the likelier to fall;
And the noble hearted hero, who came my life to save,
I could freely give this world to him, if it were mine to give;
He carried me to safety, from the flames of awful death.
He risked his life to save me, when within my latest breath,
That I could see the sun rise, and another morning sky;
To live a little longer, and get ready for to die.

Sometimes I think the time is short when we shall hear
the call;
The pale horse and his rider will overtake us one and all.
When we shall stand before the great tribunal bar of God
To give account, our joys to know, or feel his chastening rod,
We'll need a mediator there, to plead our case above;
To bid us enter in the fold of rest and joy and love.
Sweet Jesus can present the soul without a stain or scar,
And speak deliverance, when before the great tribunal bar.

MOONBEAMS

The meek moon, in the silent air;
The darkling shadows lie between;
Her beams fall softly everywhere
On summer blossoms gold and green.

I meditate, with faltering step
Beholding here the shining star;
Rays through my ivory window crept,
To greet me from the world afar.

I cast my anxious eyes away
To that glad land, where angels roam,
And wait for that celestial day
When I shall see my heavenly home.

There night shall never come, they say,
In Zion's happy land so fair;
Nor will the moonbeams stream away,
For God shall be the light up there.

Oh give me flowers while I live,
And strength sufficient for my day,
That I may have enough to give
To those I meet upon the way.

SILVER-BOW

Over the mountains far away,
Over the fields of new-mown hay,
Over the streams all dashing white,
Glistens my silver bow tonight.

It rolls through the sky so clean and pure,
Lighting the earth from shore to shore,
O'er plain and highland, in crevice deep,
Through storm-clouds bleak, where the skies do weep.

A strain of music so low and sweet
Wafted to my silken seat,
Which charms my being, oh, sublime,
Filling with love this soul of mine.

I stand amazed by the snow-white pane
And count the pattering drops of rain;
And sing, as the days go fleeting by,
Of my silver-bow, away so high.

I love the flowers, grass and trees,
The singing birds, the toiling bees;
Earth's fairest beauties, so perfect, are
Smiled upon by each gleaming star.

The moonbeams whisper to each glad hour;
Kiss the cheek of the blooming flower;
Then as a lover, he goes away,
At early dawning of the day.

So as I linger in nook and glade,
I think of him, who all things made:
The sun, the moon, and the stars to shine,
Upon this beautiful earth of mine.

MOTHER

Oh mother, why are your footsteps slow,
And why your shoulders bended low?
Why is your hair all silvery gray?
Oh mother, dear, do tell me, pray.
But she softly whispered to me, nay.

Mother, why is your voice so low and weak;
Why does it tremble when you speak?
Why do you bow your head each day?
Oh mother, dear, do tell me, pray;
And still she softly answered, nay.

Why do you look at me and weep,
When I a watchful eye shall keep?
Oh mother, clasp my hand so sweet,
And may I hear thy voice so sweet
Saying, nay, my child, my love for thee;
And mother said: That's what changes me.

In loving remembrance of my own dear sainted mother. She lives across the continental divide. If you ever wish to visit her, just tell her I sent you, and you will be welcome. This is the route from Oklahoma City: You will find it a very pleasant journey by auto, or by railway. Take the Santa Fe, over the Hockaday Trail, keep going west until you reach the Rockies; keep going west, you will wind around many dangerous curves, over frightful precipices and yawning chasms; keep going west. You will be amazed and greatly inspired with the beautiful scenery. The trip is a most delightful one.

As you cross the beautiful mountains, that I love so well, you will want to sing the praises of your blessed Saviour, and as you sing, the birds will sing with you. Space will not permit me to tell you all I wish to tell of the scenery, and its beauty and grandeur could never be told. But keep going west. When you reach the valley they call Uncompagre, which means in plain American, Uncomparable, there you have it. Keep going west.

You reach the little village of Montrose; keep going west. In the west end of the town, you will find her, living in a humble cottage, and she's my mother; she taught me to know God, when I was but a child. She taught me to pray, around her knee, oh, when I was young. She prays every morning, and noon, and night. She is such a mother as you will hardly ever find. Everything you tell her will be strictly confidential. She will keep all your secrets for you, and pray with you. She will help you on to God as she has helped me. Take her advice, and you will not fear, to keep going west.

She is your faithful friend. Lovillia Barrell.

AT HOME

At home, oh, joyful thought,
Where God and angels dwell.
The flowers which I brought,
They of my journey tell.

Ah, here I meet with one
Who lingered there one day,
Beneath earth's setting sun,
Where oft I knelt to pray.

Oh, happy hours divine!
Where God and angels dwell;
The lovely flowers are mine;
I lifted, when they fell.

And here they bloom for him,
Who gave his life so free;
Their eye shall not grow dim
Through all eternity.

At home, oh happy thought!
To see my Saviour's face;
I know his blood has bought,
And saved me by his grace.

Let all thy spirit with God's spirit blend. And thou shalt find eternal peace, and joy, and happiness. God's smile will rest upon you. His arms shall be underneath you. Beneath the shadow of His wing, shall He hide you. His everlasting love shal overshadow you. And you shall spend eternity with the heavenly host—

Where the flowers never fade;
Where the glory of God is the light.
No lion can make afraid,
No sorrow, and no dark night.

Lovingly dedicated to my readers.

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 909 894 1